

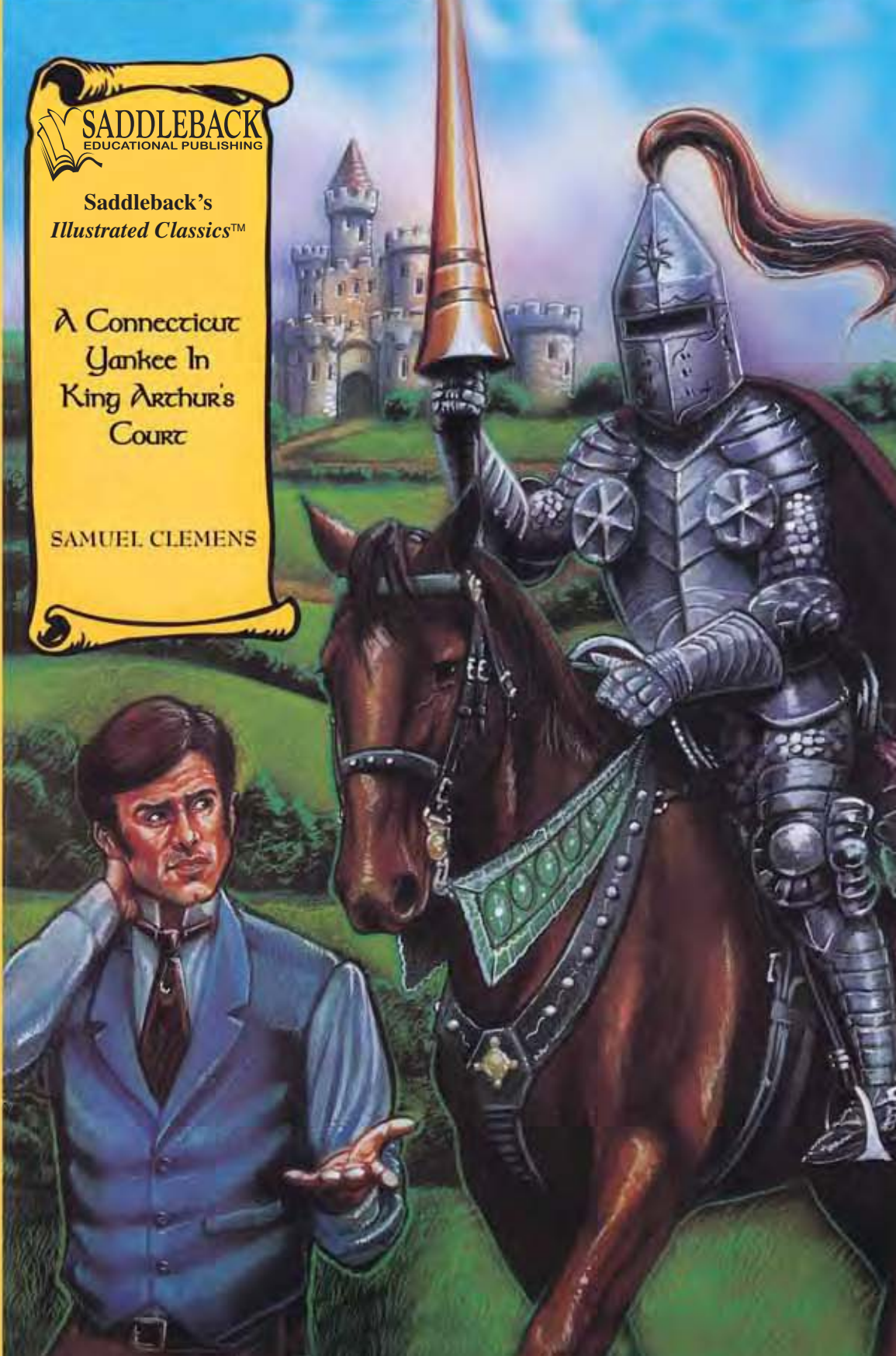


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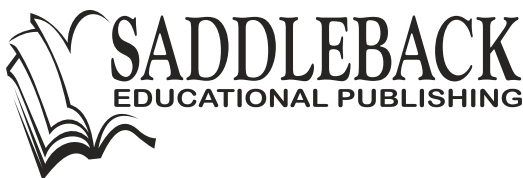
A Connecticut  
Yankee In  
King Arthur's  
Court

SAMUEL CLEMENS



# A Connecticut Yankee in King ARTHUR'S COURT

SAMUEL CLEMENS



# Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*<sup>TM</sup>



Three Watson

Irvine, CA 92618-2767

Website: [www.sdlback.com](http://www.sdlback.com)

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# Welcome to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*<sup>™</sup>

We are proud to welcome you to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*<sup>™</sup>. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*<sup>™</sup> was designed specifically for the classroom to introduce readers to many of the great classics in literature. Each text, written and adapted by teachers and researchers, has been edited using the Dale-Chall vocabulary system. In addition, much time and effort has been spent to ensure that these high-interest stories retain all of the excitement, intrigue, and adventure of the original books.

With these graphically *Illustrated Classics*<sup>™</sup>, you learn what happens in the story in a number of different ways. One way is by reading the words a character says. Another way is by looking at the drawings of the character. The artist can tell you what kind of person a character is and what he or she is thinking or feeling.

This series will help you to develop confidence and a sense of accomplishment as you finish each novel. The stories in Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*<sup>™</sup> are fun to read. And remember, fun motivates!

# Overview

Everyone deserves to read the best literature our language has to offer. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*<sup>™</sup> was designed to acquaint readers with the most famous stories from the world's greatest authors, while teaching essential skills. You will learn how to:

- Establish a purpose for reading
- Use prior knowledge
- Evaluate your reading
- Listen to the language as it is written
- Extend literary and language appreciation through discussion and writing activities

Reading is one of the most important skills you will ever learn. It provides the key to all kinds of information. By reading the *Illustrated Classics*<sup>™</sup>, you will develop confidence and the self-satisfaction that comes from accomplishment—a solid foundation for any reader.

# Step-By-Step

The following is a simple guide to using and enjoying each of your *Illustrated Classics*<sup>™</sup>. To maximize your use of the learning activities provided, we suggest that you follow these steps:

1. ***Listen!*** We suggest that you listen to the read-along. (At this time, please ignore the beeps.) You will enjoy this wonderfully dramatized presentation.
2. ***Pre-reading Activities.*** After listening to the audio presentation, the pre-reading activities in the Activity Book prepare you for reading the story by setting the scene, introducing more difficult vocabulary words, and providing some short exercises.
3. ***Reading Activities.*** Now turn to the “While you are reading” portion of the Activity Book, which directs you to make a list of story-related facts. Read-along while listening to the audio presentation. (This time pay attention to the beeps, as they indicate when each page should be turned.)
4. ***Post-reading Activities.*** You have successfully read the story and listened to the audio presentation. Now answer the multiple-choice questions and other activities in the Activity Book.

Remember,

***“Today’s readers are tomorrow’s leaders.”***



## Samuel Clemens

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, an American novelist, wrote under the pen name of Mark Twain. He is known as one of the major authors of American fiction and the greatest humorist in American literature. He was born in 1835 in Florida, Missouri. His family moved to Hannibal, Missouri, a village on the Mississippi River in 1839. His father died in debt in 1847, and Samuel Clemens went to work for a newspaper and printing firm.

He had little formal education, learning what he needed to know while working in the printing business. In 1857, Clemens decided to become a riverboat pilot. His pen name, *Mark Twain*, comes from a riverboat term meaning *two fathoms* (a depth of 12 feet, or 3.7 meters).

In 1861, the Civil War stopped commercial boat traffic on the Mississippi, and Clemens left the river.

He wrote many books among them, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, which was a sequel to *Tom Sawyer*, and *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* that raise questions about certain values in the American culture of his time.

Samuel Clemens died in 1910.



Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™

# A Connecticut Yankee In King ARTHUR'S COURT

SAMUEL CLEMENS

THE MAIN CHARACTERS



Sandy



Clarence



Hank Morgan  
"A Connecticut Yankee"



King Arthur



Merlin the Magician



It was in Warwick Castle, an old building in England, that I, Mark Twain, met the stranger whose story you are about to read. We were at the very edge of a group taking a tour of the castle when he began speaking to me.



He turned to me and said something strange. He spoke as simply about this as someone else might have talked about the weather.

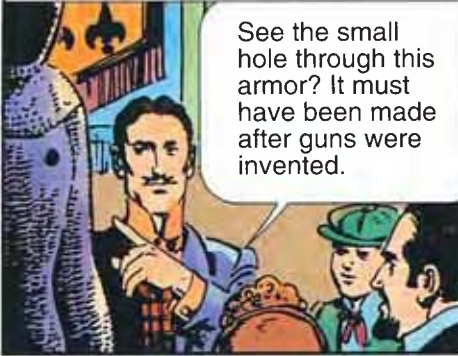
Do you believe that people can move backwards through time? Do you believe, for instance, that I myself could have been at King Arthur's Round Table?

As he talked, he seemed to drift in and out of this world and time. He spoke as though he had known Sir Lancelot, Sir Galahad, and all the other great men of King Arthur's court.





Before I could answer,  
the tour guide spoke up.



My friend smiled  
a strange smile.



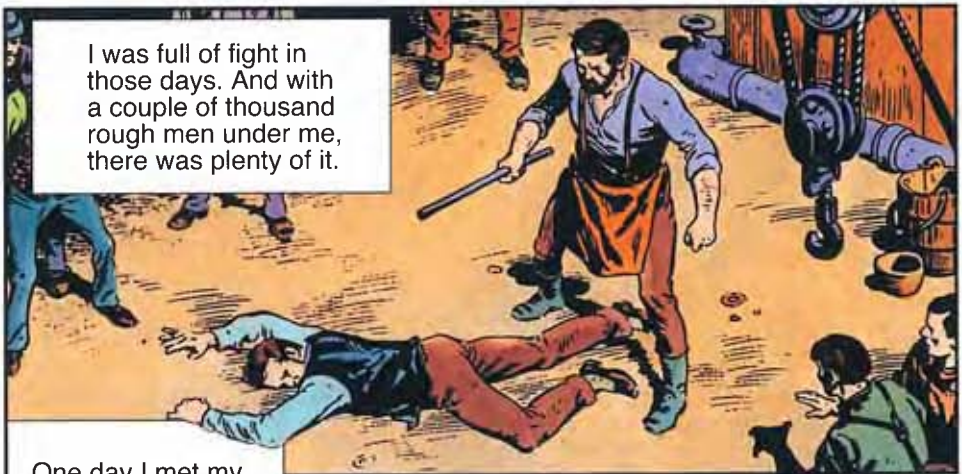
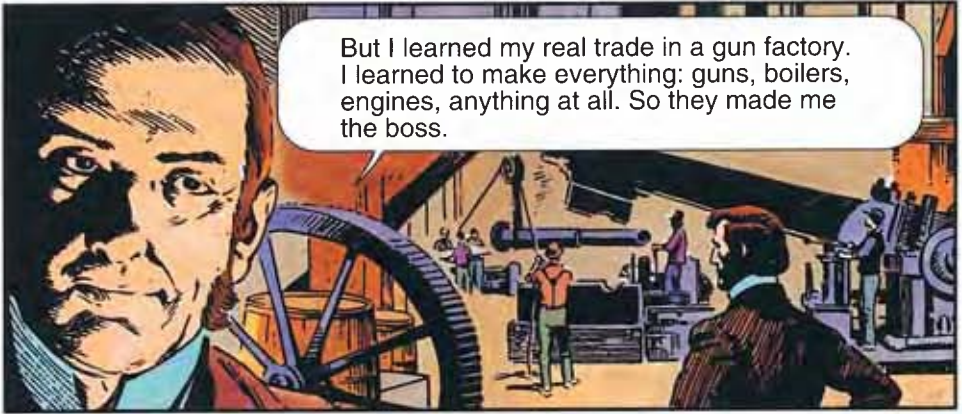
By the time I got  
over my surprise  
at what he had  
said, he was gone.  
But later that  
night he came to  
see me.



I made him welcome and  
gave him a hot drink,  
hoping he would tell his  
story. He soon began.

I am a Yankee from  
Connecticut and a  
very handy man. My  
father was a blacksmith  
and my uncle was a  
horse doctor. I started  
work as both.



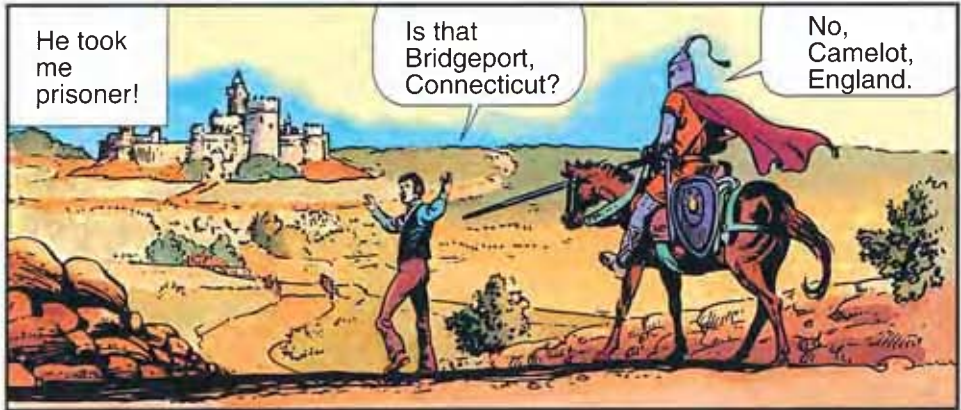


One day I met my match in a fellow named Hercules. We used iron bars against each other, and he gave me a blow on the head that knocked me out.

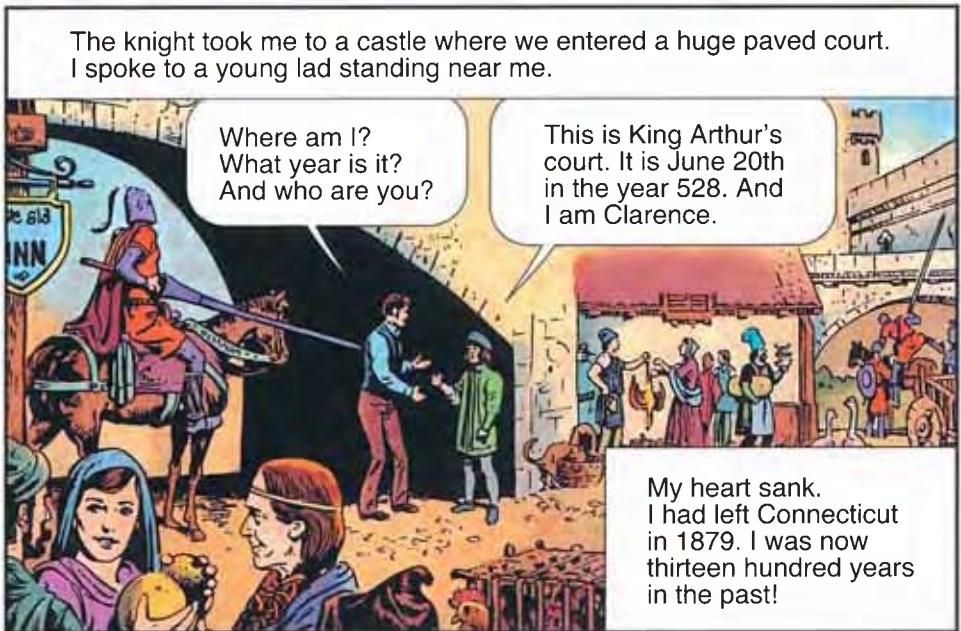
When I awoke, a man on a horse, right out of a story book, was looking down at me.







After taking him to his room and helping him to bed, I returned to my own room with the story. I began reading as follows:



It was hard to believe, but I remembered that on June 21, 528, a total eclipse of the sun had taken place.

If I am really back in King Arthur's time, I will be able to tell the future!

As for the Round Table, it looked like a circus to me. The knights were taking turns bragging to the king about all the great things they had done.

Then it was time for Sir Kay to tell his story. He was the knight who had brought me here.



What lies he told! He claimed that he had seen me kill thirteen brave knights before he had captured me.



Before I could speak, the king sentenced me to die at noon on June 21st. My clothes were taken from me.



The next moment I found myself in the dungeon with moldy straw for a bed and some rats for company. But I fell asleep in spite of it all.



Am I still dreaming?

It's no dream that you're to be burned at the stake!

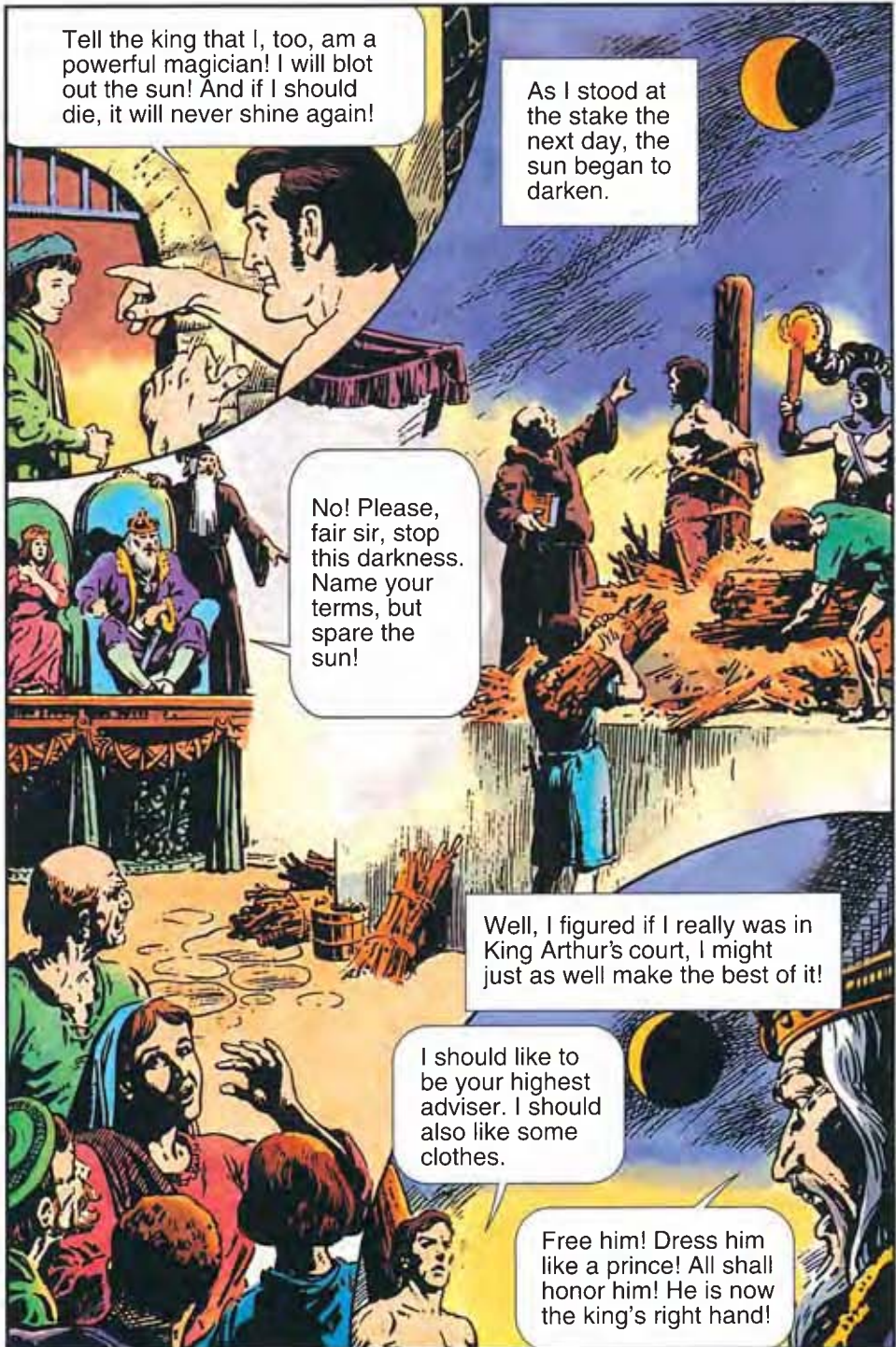
Worse still, Merlin, the king's magician, hath cast a spell on any who would help you. If you tell anyone, I'll be lost!



Merlin! Why, that crazy old man with his silly beliefs!



But it suddenly came to me that if everyone here was so afraid of Merlin's magic, perhaps I could work out a plan.

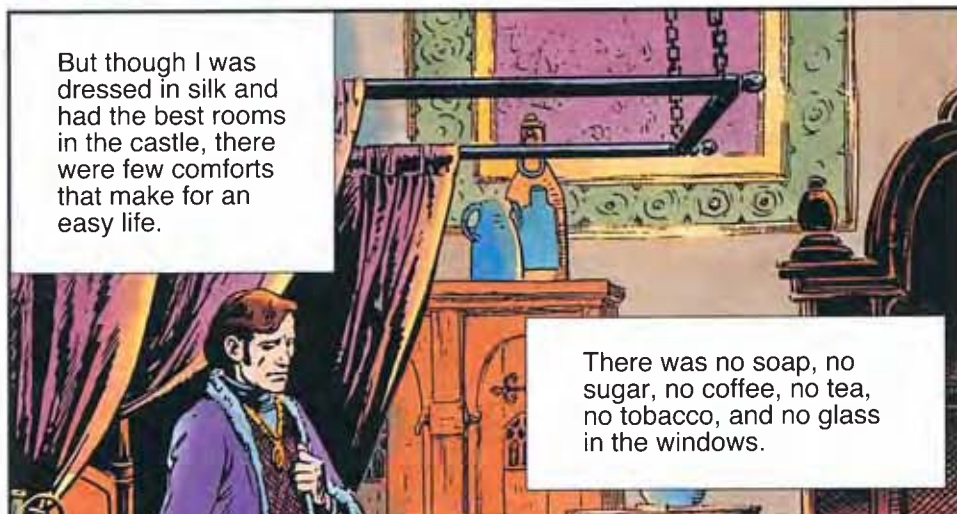




The plan had worked. By the time they got me untied, the eclipse was total.



But though I was dressed in silk and had the best rooms in the castle, there were few comforts that make for an easy life.



I saw that I was just another Robinson Crusoe.



I began to see that to make life better I must invent many things. I must set brain and hand to work and keep them busy.



The eclipse had scared the people almost to death. Thousands came to see me perform another great deed.

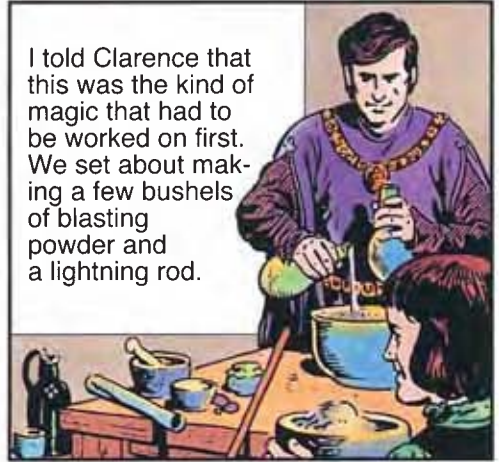


This turned Merlin green with envy. He started a report that I was not a magician. I knew that something had to be done—and soon!

To give me time, I had Merlin thrown into prison. Then I told everyone that I would blow up Merlin's tower by fires from heaven.



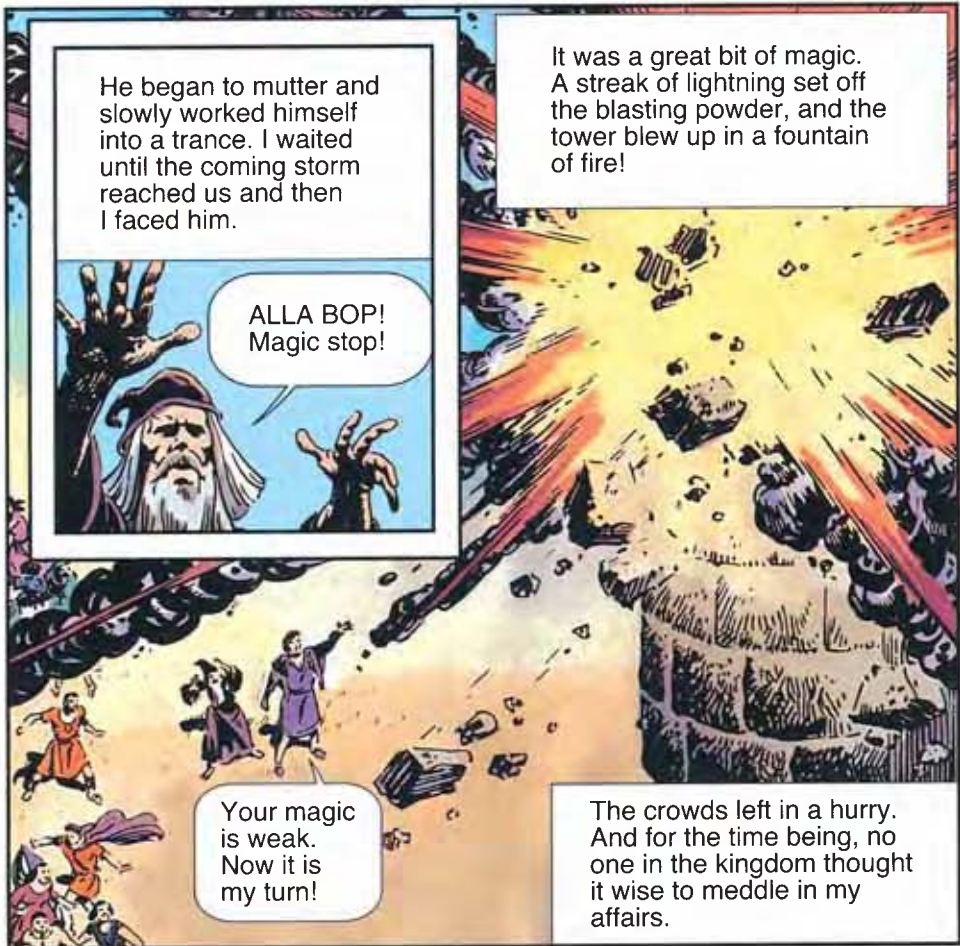
I told Clarence that this was the kind of magic that had to be worked on first. We set about making a few bushels of blasting powder and a lightning rod.



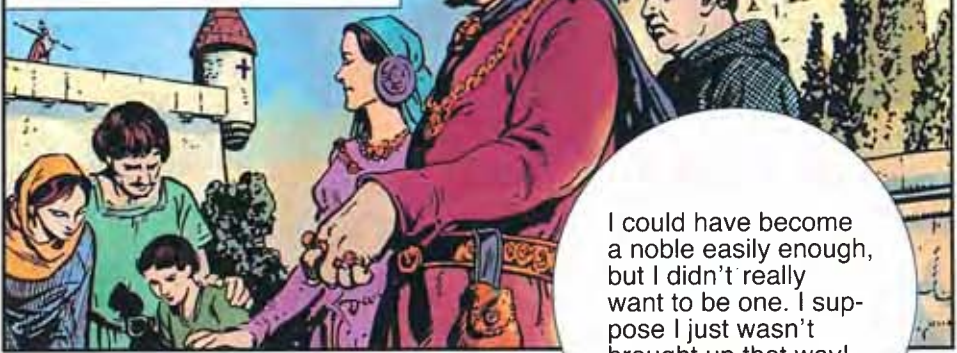
Working by night, we laid the explosives. On the thirteenth night we placed the lightning rod. Then we waited until the next afternoon for the thunderstorm that was expected.





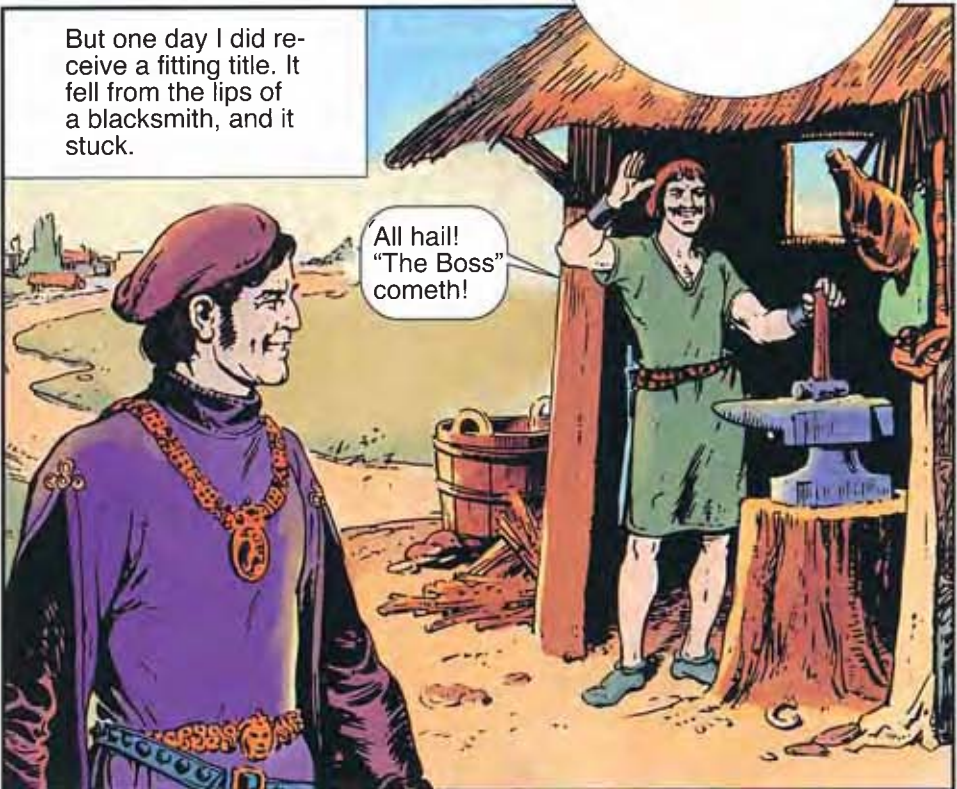


It was a strange country. Everyone seemed to live for only one reason: to crawl before the king, the Church, and the nobles.



I could have become a noble easily enough, but I didn't really want to be one. I suppose I just wasn't brought up that way!

But one day I did receive a fitting title. It fell from the lips of a blacksmith, and it stuck.



All hail!  
"The Boss"  
cometh!

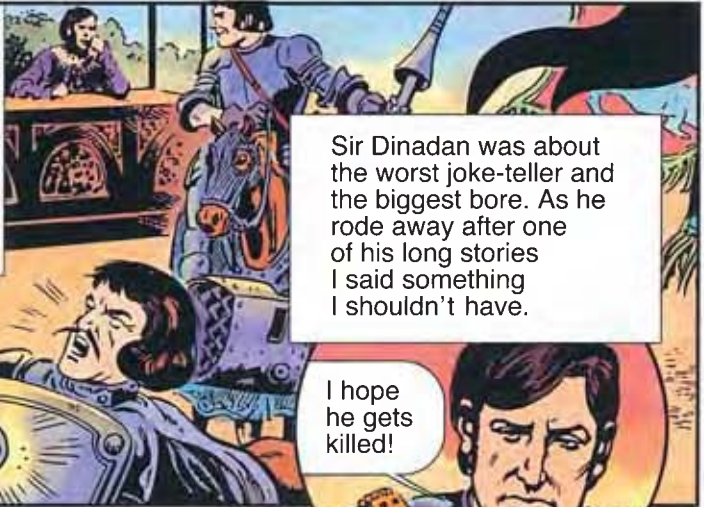
It caught on and passed from mouth to mouth with a knowing smile. In ten days it was as familiar as the king's name.



They were always having grand tournaments at Camelot.  
But to me they seemed like silly human bullfights.



One day I was  
the victim of one  
of those jokes  
where the teller  
does all the  
laughing and  
the listener just  
looks a little bit  
sick



I hope  
he gets  
killed!

However, another  
knight, Sir  
Sagramor, heard  
my remark and  
thought I meant  
it for him. He  
became angry  
and wanted to  
fight.



But the fight  
was set for  
several years in  
the future. Sir  
Sagramor was  
about to leave  
in search of the  
Holy Grail  
and this always  
took the knights  
a long time.

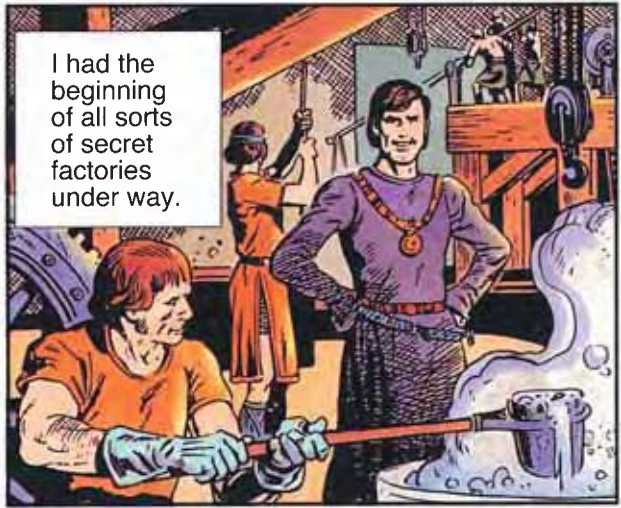
At the Round Table, the fight was much talked over. King Arthur thought I should set forth in search of great adventures so that I might become famous. Then I would also be more worthy to fight with Sir Sagamor.



But I talked my way out of it, saying that I had too many machines to oil up and keep running.



I had the beginning of all sorts of secret factories under way.



My schools, too, were doing well.



With the kingdom at my command, I had the nineteenth century booming right under the noses of these people from the Dark Ages.





But one day, after some years, a young girl came to King Arthur asking for help.



Her friend and several others were being held in a castle. It was owned by three men who had one eye...or some such silly thing.



I left all my work in the hands of young Clarence and started off.



Soon I was swimming in rivers of sweat inside my iron suit. And the girl, Alisande le Carteloise, whom I called Sandy, was a blabbermouth. She could talk all week without stopping.



That night it rained. With the bugs and ants crawling around inside my armor, I swore I'd never wear it again.



I hardly slept at all, but we left again at dawn. I walked behind, for I couldn't even reach the horse's back.



We came upon a group of poor workers. They were trying to mend the sorry thing that they called a road.



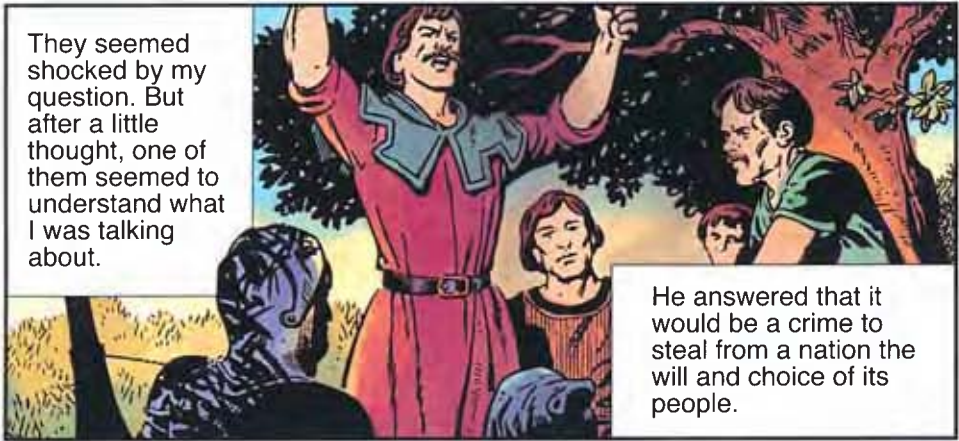
When I asked to eat with them, they couldn't believe I meant it. Sandy, for her part, said that she would rather eat with the cattle.



*As we talked together, I asked them if every man had a free vote, would they vote to have one family rule over them forever.*







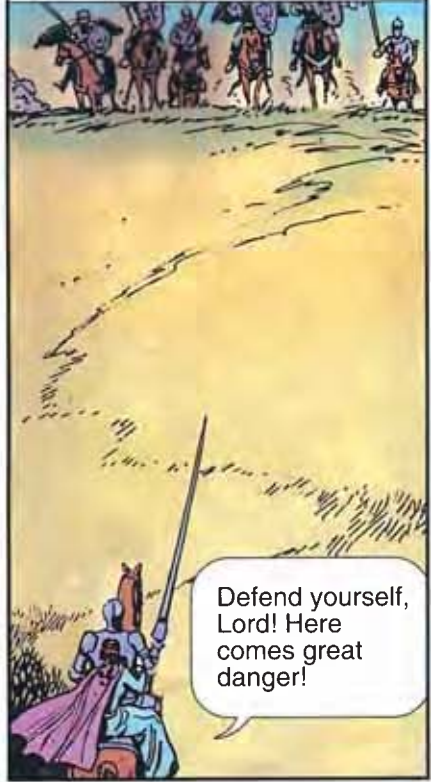
I took this man aside from the rest of this herd of human sheep.



They thought that I had turned into a fire-breathing dragon. The only way I could get them to come back was to say that this was only part of my magic. It would harm no one but my enemies.



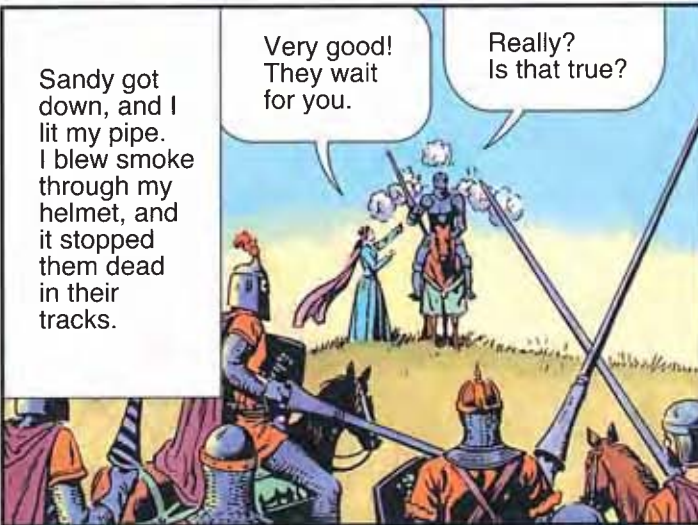
But I had learned something which quite soon was of great value!



Sandy got down, and I lit my pipe. I blew smoke through my helmet, and it stopped them dead in their tracks.

Very good! They wait for you.

Really? Is that true?

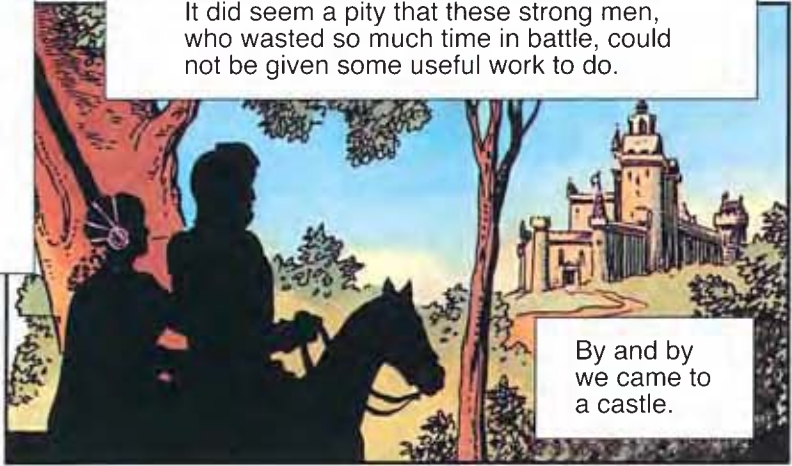


Sandy ran over and told them that I was "The Boss." She said this "filled them with fear and dread." They agreed to go to King Arthur's court as my knights. She managed the thing better than I could have myself.



So we rode on with Sandy yapping away in my ear.

It did seem a pity that these strong men, who wasted so much time in battle, could not be given some useful work to do.



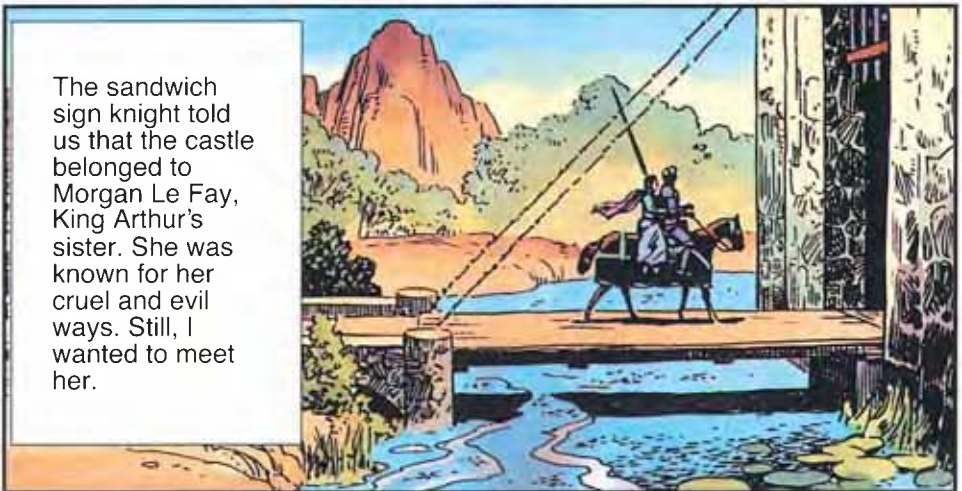
By and by we came to a castle.

To my relief, along came one of the knights working for me.



I was secretly hoping to make the knights look silly... and at the same time to teach them to be clean.

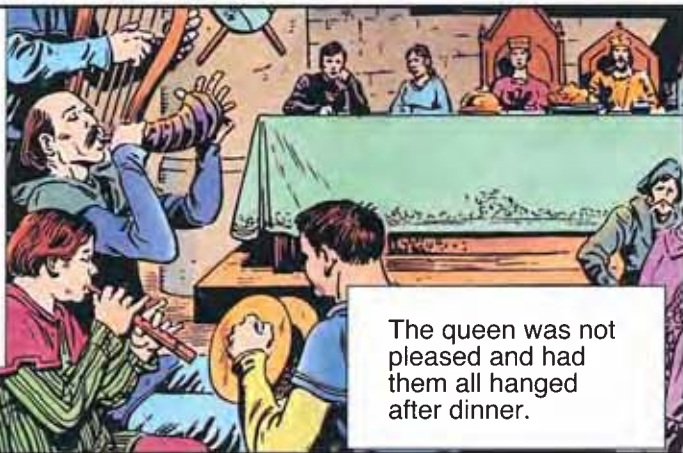
The sandwich sign knight told us that the castle belonged to Morgan Le Fay, King Arthur's sister. She was known for her cruel and evil ways. Still, I wanted to meet her.







Just then we were called to dinner. Some musicians opened the feast with a song that sounded like a funeral hymn.



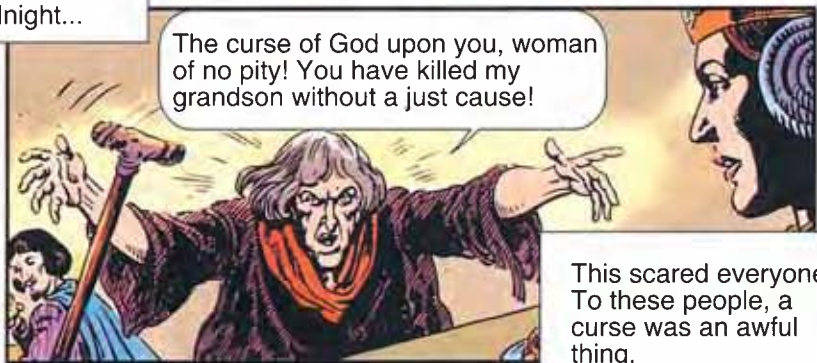
The queen was not pleased and had them all hanged after dinner.

Then the mighty feeding began. There was no talking, just rows of teeth opening and closing together. They sounded like the hum of a huge machine.



This went on for hours. Then at midnight...

The curse of God upon you, woman of no pity! You have killed my grandson without a just cause!



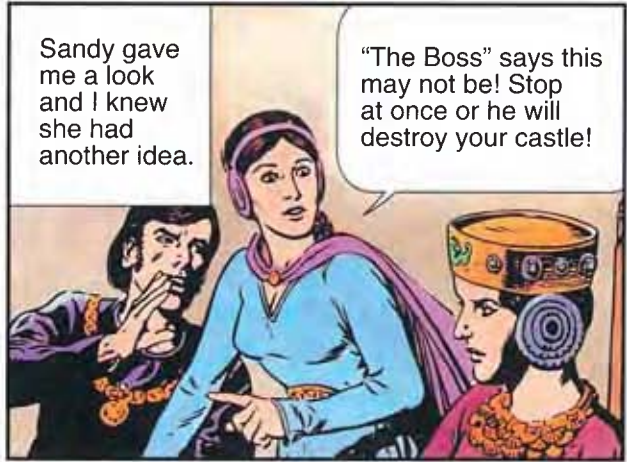
This scared everyone. To these people, a curse was an awful thing.

To everyone, that is,  
but Morgan Le Fay!



Sandy gave me a look  
and I knew  
she had  
another idea.

"The Boss" says this  
may not be! Stop  
at once or he will  
destroy your castle!



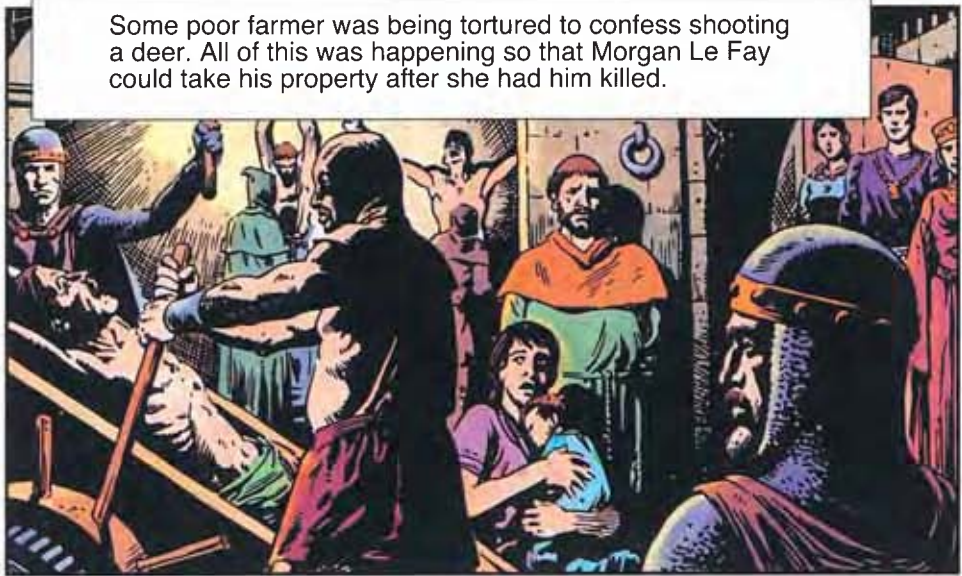
Le Fay gave in, and the crowd  
rushed to the door like a mob.



The queen had  
become so quiet  
that I called in  
another group of  
musicians to play  
for us. But they  
were worse than the  
others, so I didn't  
object when she  
decided to hang  
them too.







My conscience is more trouble to me than anything else I have. But in the morning I knew that I had to check the dungeons in this castle.

I'm checking jails for King Arthur. I would like to see the rest of yours.

She wasn't happy about it, but finally agreed to give us a tour.

The poor people I saw there had been shut away for very small crimes!

The newest prisoner had simply said it was his belief that without clothes you couldn't tell the king from a poor man. Here was someone with brains! I sent him to the factory also.

I freed them all.



She was surely a strange one, that Morgan Le Fay. I was glad to be on the road again.



Sandy's jaw had had a long rest and so had my ears. So I just stayed calm when she started in talking again.

Peradventure my head being distraught by the manifold matters whereunto...



Two days later, Sandy told me the castle was near.



The castle! Lo, there it is!

Castle? It's nothing but a pigsty!



No! It has been changed by magic!

Sandy began to cry, and I knew what I had to do. She saw the castle, I saw the pigsty. To argue with her would have been a waste of time.

I suppose this was a common case. Magic makes something appear strange to one person, but to another it has not changed at all.

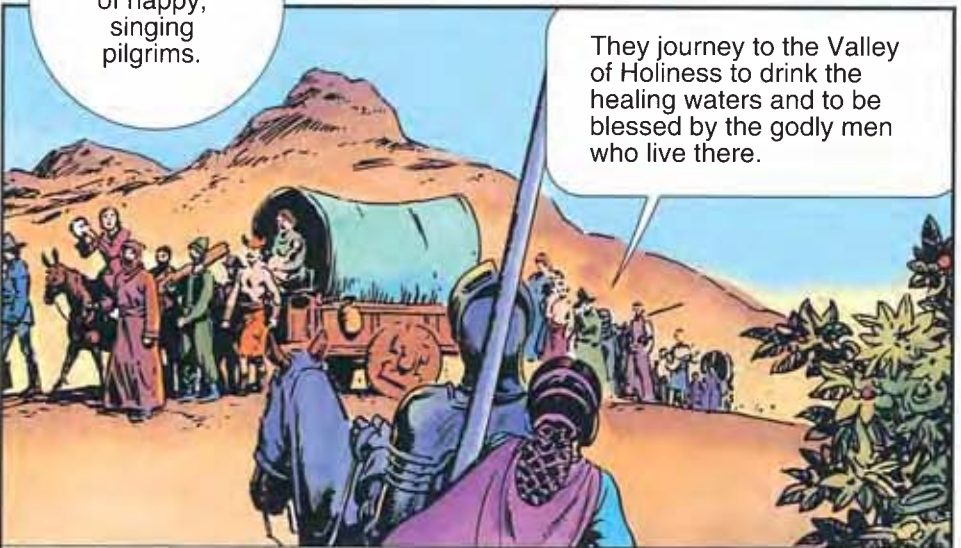
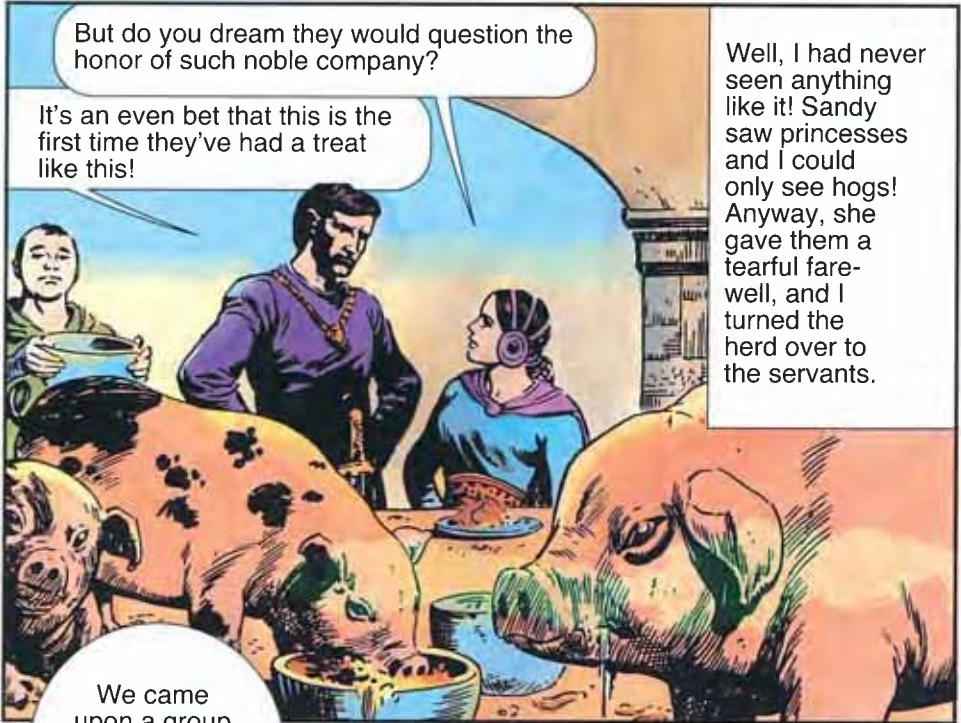


I bought all the hogs for sixteen cents and sent the grateful farmers away before calling Sandy. Then she had a happy talk with her long-lost princesses. To me they still looked like hogs.

Then we had to drive those awful hogs—that is, princesses—home, which was ten miles away.







It was a famous spot where, by a miracle, waters had burst forth in a desert place. We decided to join the pilgrims so that I might learn more about life in the kingdom.

We stayed at an inn that night. In the morning I looked out and saw one of my knights riding up.



The fountain has been dry for nine days! They sent for thee, "Sir Boss," but found Merlin instead. He is there trying to work his magic this very moment!

I quickly made out a note and handed it to the knight.



Take this to Clarence in Camelot as fast as you can ride. Tell him to fill the order and send it to the Valley of Holiness quickly.

I will, "Sir Boss!"





Now that the thing they had come for had been ruined, the pilgrims were even more excited about seeing the place where it used to be.



If Merlin had only used his eyes instead of his brain, he could have fixed the well himself.

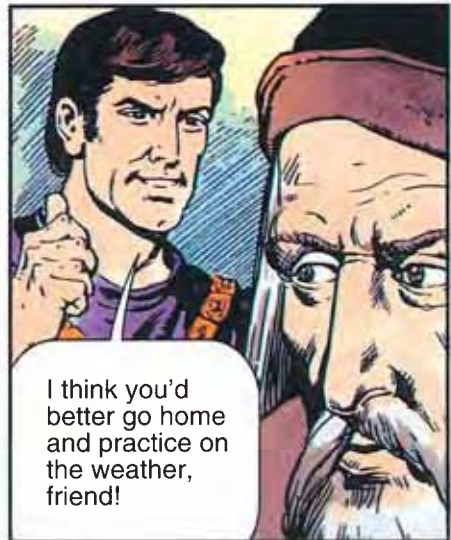


But these simple people would have dried up and blown away without thinking of going down the well. There they could find out what was really the matter.





But Merlin was a magician who believed in his own magic. And no magician can do well who believes such silly things as that!







My helpers arrived. With Merlin out of the way, we went right to work patching up the old well. We even put in a pump so there would be a real fountain. Of course, all this was done in secret. Nobody else was allowed near the place.



We even set up fireworks on the roof of the chapel to add to the big event.

News of the dry fountain had traveled far and wide. A steady flow of people poured into the valley to see if my magic would work.



The night that all was ready, I sent word that the water had started again and that everybody could come and see. We set off the fireworks and the magic went off with a big bang.



It was a great night! I could hardly sleep when I finally got to bed.

After all this I decided to dress up as a poor man and wander alone through the country. Sandy wanted to stay behind for a little rest.

But I learned something new before I even left the valley. When I climbed up to visit some of the caves, one of them caught my eye right away.



Hello, Central!

The telephone crew had put in an office and phone the night before. News had just come through that King Arthur had heard of the magic and was on his way to see it.

But more surprises were in store.

I told the king of my plan to dress up as a poor man. He decided to go with me.



Get your Camelot Weekly here! All for two cents!



Something greater than kings had arrived: the newspaper and the newsboy! And I had started it!



I sat still, drunk with joy. Yes, this was heaven. I have tasted it this once, even though I may never taste it again!

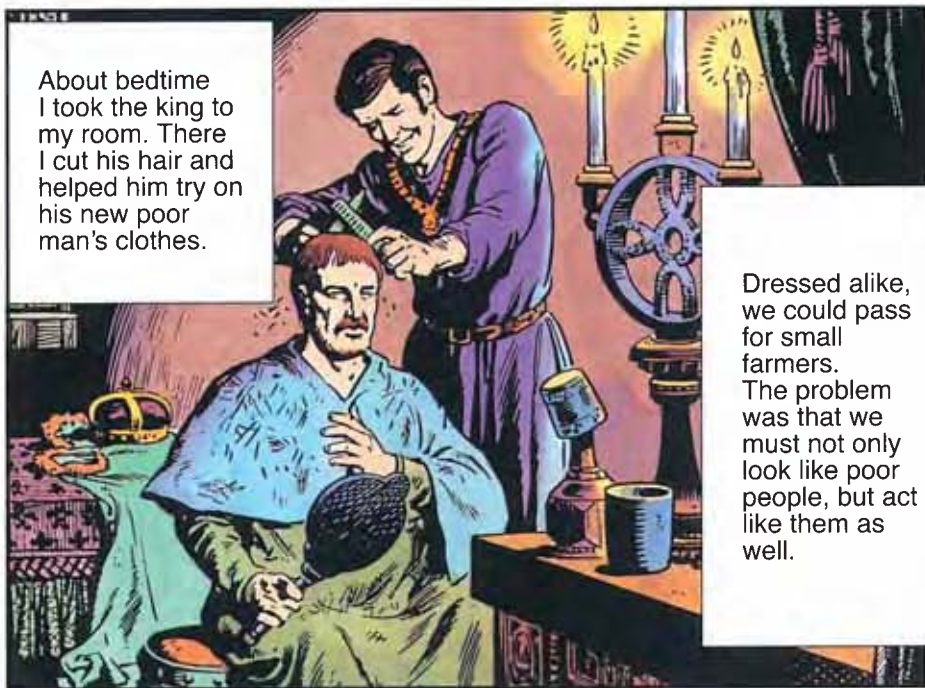


**HIGH TIMES  
IN THE VALLEY OF  
HOLINESS!  
THE WATER WORKS  
ARE CORKED!**

*Merlin works his arts  
and fails! But THE  
BOSS scores on his  
first try.*

**THE HOLY WELL  
IS UNCORKED AMID  
OUTBURST OF  
FIRE, SMOKE,  
AND THUNDER!**

About bedtime  
I took the king to  
my room. There  
I cut his hair and  
helped him try on  
his new poor  
man's clothes.



Dressed alike,  
we could pass  
for small  
farmers.  
The problem  
was that we  
must not only  
look like poor  
people, but act  
like them as  
well.



I spent a day teaching the king how to act like a farmer.





By mid-afternoon I thought he was ready for a test run at a nearby hut.



Have mercy! Everything has already been stolen!

Let me help you!



Leave at once, Sire! This woman is dying of the sickness that killed so many at Camelot two years ago!

Ye mean well and speak wisely. But I shall remain and help!



My daughter...



Here was a real hero! A king in commoner's clothes carried death in his arms so that a poor mother might take a last look at her child before she died.

By midnight it was all over,  
and we walked off into the  
darkness. All of a sudden  
I bumped into something.



Indeed, the next turn in the road was no better than the last!  
We kept on until we had put this place behind us. After all,  
we were strangers here, and it would be hard to tell people  
I was traveling with their king.





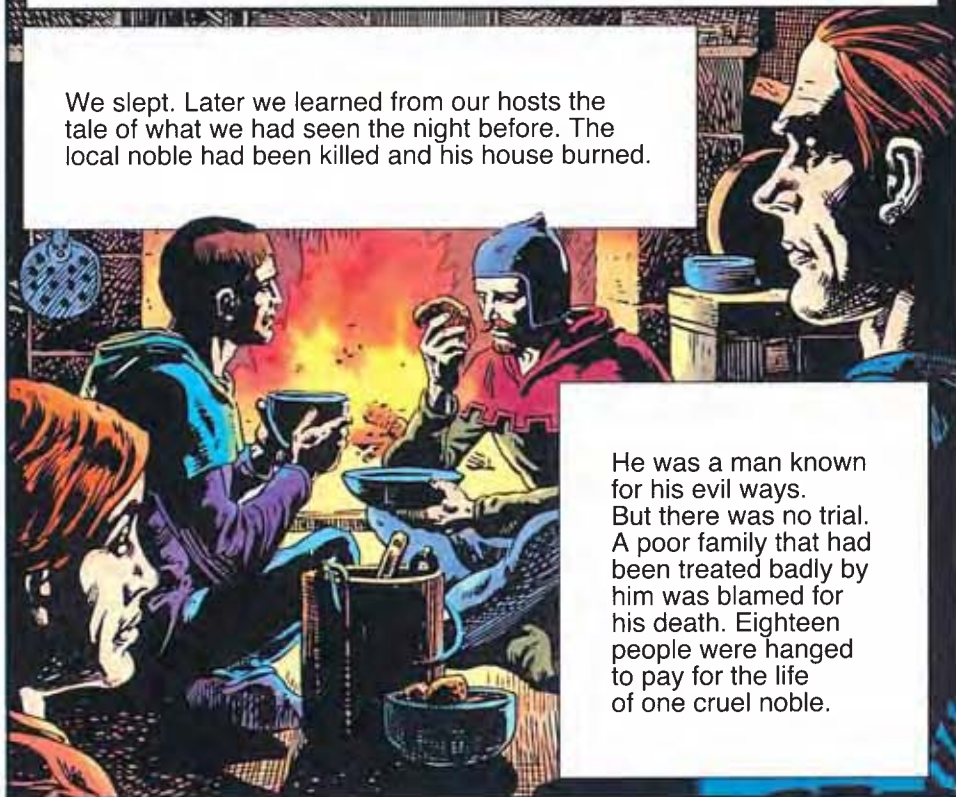
We came to another hut.

Sell us your house and go! We are poor company, having just left those that died of the spotted death!



It was good of the king, but not necessary. Everyone in the area had suffered from the sickness he spoke of. They could not catch it again. So when this woman learned that we were lost travelers, she made us very welcome.

We slept. Later we learned from our hosts the tale of what we had seen the night before. The local noble had been killed and his house burned.



He was a man known for his evil ways. But there was no trial. A poor family that had been treated badly by him was blamed for his death. Eighteen people were hanged to pay for the life of one cruel noble.

Leaving the king behind, I walked to town the next morning with the husband. We spoke very openly with each other.

The devil's work has been done on good people. The cruel old noble only got what he deserved!

Even though you may be a spy, and your words a trap for a poor farmer, they sound good to my ears. I would gladly be hanged just to have heard that!

You see, a man is a man at bottom. Whole ages of evil deeds can't crush that.

Still, as we walked along, I was surprised by this man's speech to a stranger.

Toward the monk he showed great respect.

But when a slave passed by, his nose was in the air.

To the gentleman he was meek and humble.

There are times when one would like to hang the whole human race and finish the joke.



I met Dowley, the rich village blacksmith. Marco, the farmer, was proud to have him as a friend. We got along well at once, as I had many such self-made men under me at the factory back in Connecticut.



I invited Dowley and other friends to dine with us on Sunday. Marco looked very troubled.



You must allow me to have these people come for lunch. I'll pay the costs. You and your wife have been very good to us.

'Tis nothing—we have very little to offer!



The best a man has, freely given, is always something. A prince can do no more!

I sent Marco to invite more friends. Then I set about ordering things for a feast. I bought dishes, tables, chairs, food. I never care to do things in a quiet way. It's got to be showy or I don't want any part of it.



It was near sunset when the things began to arrive. It was all I could do to keep the Marco family from fainting.



Sunday was one of those rich fall days when it is heaven to be outdoors. Dowley was in fine spirits, and I soon had him telling us his story.

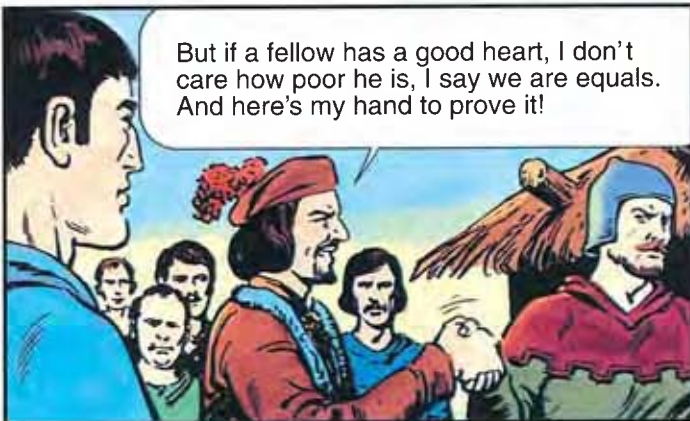


Starting out as an orphan, he worked hard. Soon he was rich.



On my table there is fresh meat two times every month and white bread every Sunday!

But if a fellow has a good heart, I don't care how poor he is, I say we are equals. And here's my hand to prove it!



The king took Dowley's hand as gladly as a lady would take a fish. But it was good because Dowley thought he felt unworthy to shake this rich man's hand.



The food that day was like nothing this crowd had ever seen before!



Well, I think our meal is ready! Come, eat well!

Yes, the air had been let out of Dowley. He looked a little like a balloon that's been stepped on by a cow.



After dinner Arthur took a nap. The rest of us talked of business and money.

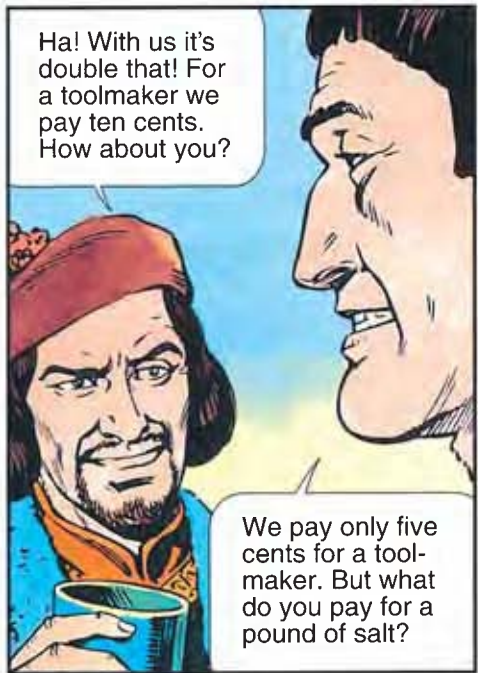
In your country, brother, what is the wage for a farmer?

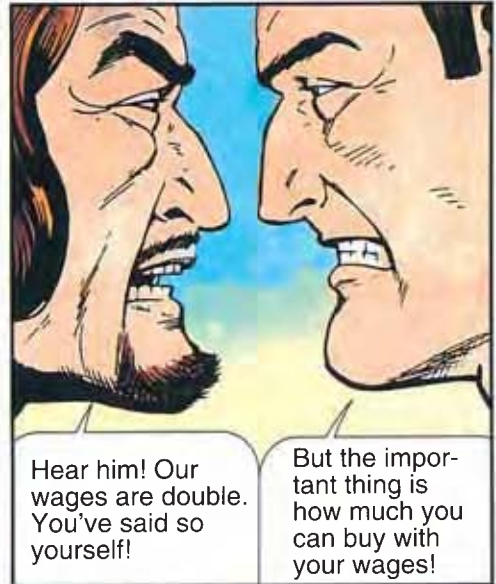
Two cents a day!



Ha! With us it's double that! For a toolmaker we pay ten cents. How about you?

We pay only five cents for a toolmaker. But what do you pay for a pound of salt?





It was hopeless. What these people wanted was high wages. They didn't seem to care whether their money could buy anything or not. The king joined us just as our talk really began to heat up.





They came at us, but we were too strong for them.



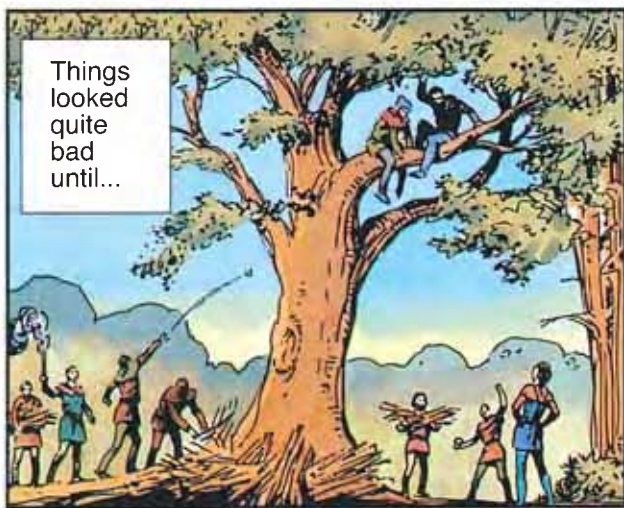
I told the king to get out of there as fast as he could.



In minutes there was a mob on our trail!



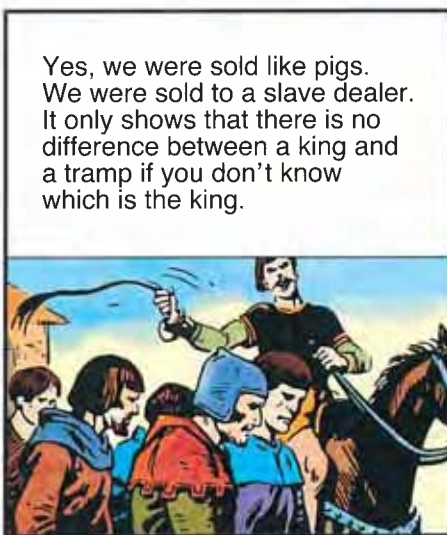
Things looked quite bad until...



Stop! Or ye be dead men!

But sir, these be madmen!





So the king fell from the highest place to the lowest. But I think the thing that really burned him most was the low price he went for. He was sold for seven dollars. I was sold for nine.





We had a rough time of it for a month. Finally, on the question of owning slaves, the king was all for having it stopped. He had not cared a bit before.



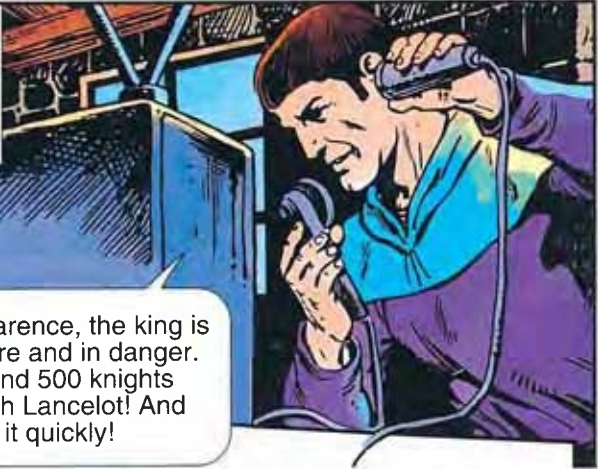
Now I was more than ready to set us free. When I saw some telephone wires, I began to think of a plan.



That night I picked the lock to my cell and set off to get things moving.



Clarence, the king is here and in danger. Send 500 knights with Lancelot! And do it quickly!



But when I returned to the slave area...

Seems one of the slaves got away! When the master started beating the others, they turned on him and killed him.



And now?

By Roman law, if one slave killeth his master, all slaves of that man must die!

Things were very bad.



And then things  
got worse!

He's a slave, too!



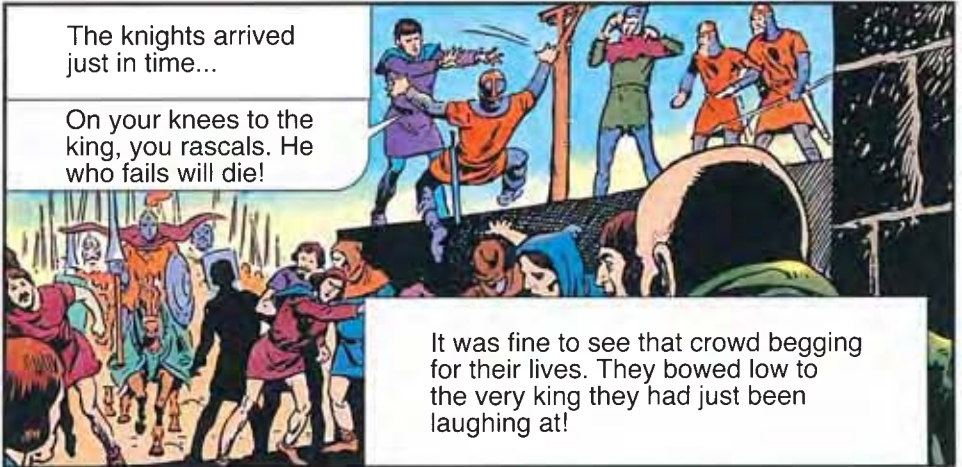
Stop! I am Arthur,  
king of Britain!

All hail!



The knights arrived  
just in time...

On your knees to the  
king, you rascals. He  
who fails will die!



It was fine to see that crowd begging  
for their lives. They bowed low to  
the very king they had just been  
laughing at!



Home again in Camelot,  
I discovered this item  
in the morning paper.

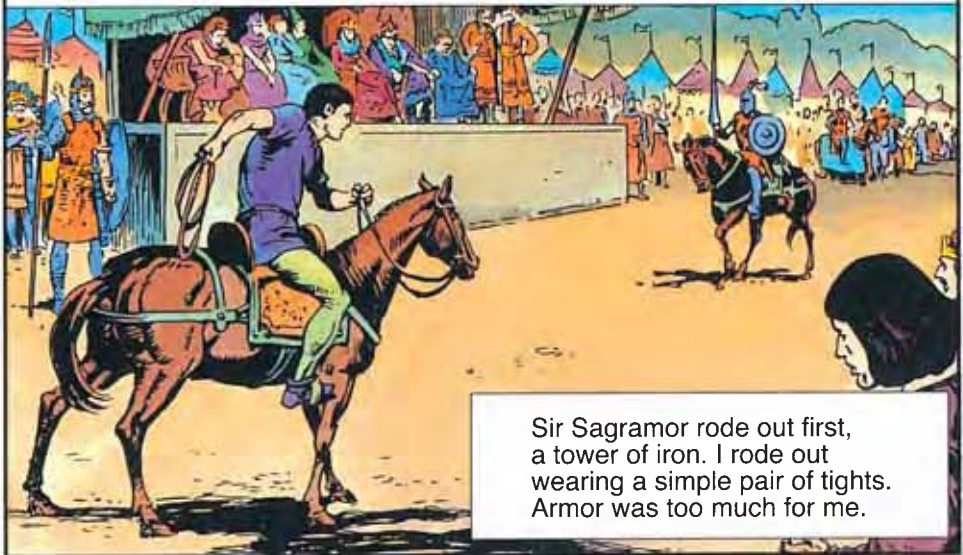
Know all, that  
the great lord  
Sir Sagramor  
has lowered  
himself and  
agreed to  
meet The Boss  
in combat.  
Time set is  
10 o'clock in  
the morning  
on the 16th.  
day of the  
month.

Philippine  
Village H  
Vincent  
came h  
Waterin  
Discour  
Lamas  
Red  
Stu  
Sil  
Va  
B

From that day there was talk  
of nothing else in all of  
Britain. Everyone knew  
that this was a fight between  
Merlin and myself. It was to  
be a battle for power be-  
tween the two greatest  
magicians in the world.



It was well known that Merlin had been busy for days putting a spell  
on Sir Sagramor's armor. He hoped his magic would keep Sir  
Sagramor safe from any blows I might strike. When the great day  
came, not a single seat was left on the field.



Sir Sagramor rode out first,  
a tower of iron. I rode out  
wearing a simple pair of tights.  
Armor was too much for me.

When the signal was given, Sir Sagramor rode at me with fire in his eyes. But I sat still swinging the loop of my lasso. Suddenly I tossed the rope toward him.



The rope pulled tight and yanked Sir Sagramor out of his saddle. The crowd went clear out of their seats with joy! They'd never seen a cowboy act before.

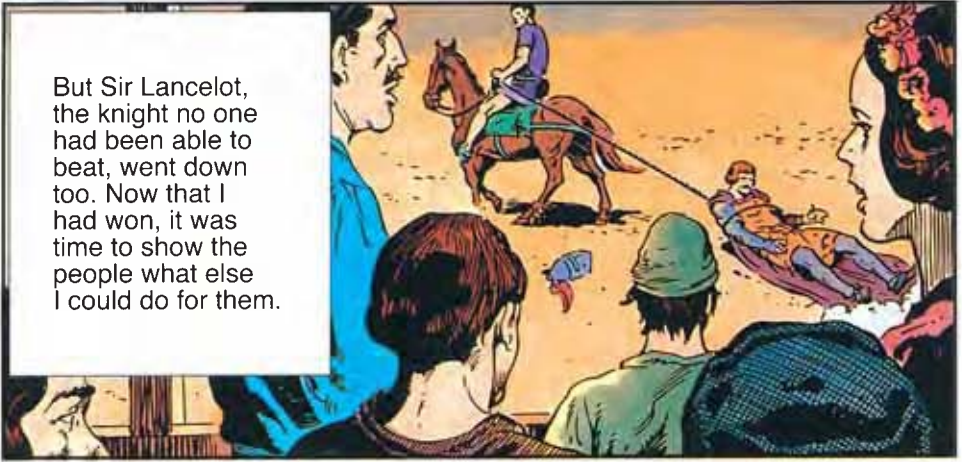


At first many knights wanted to fight me. But after I roped five others down, they began to change their minds. At that moment, in rode Sir Lancelot like a blast of winter wind.





But Sir Lancelot, the knight no one had been able to beat, went down too. Now that I had won, it was time to show the people what else I could do for them.



I no longer felt I had to work in secret. So the very next day I showed them my hidden schools and factories.



Soon there were no more slaves. Phonographs, sewing machines, and other modern wonders were everywhere. We even had railroads! I put the knights to work, too, although they would not give up their armor.



Yes, things were moving along. In a few years we had a steamboat on the Thames River. I was getting ready to send a ship or two to discover America.



Sandy took her place again at my side. This time we were married. A grand wedding was given to us by the king.



Things went along well. Soon we had a beautiful daughter. Sandy named her "Hello Central" after the telephone lines which had saved my life and King Arthur's as well.



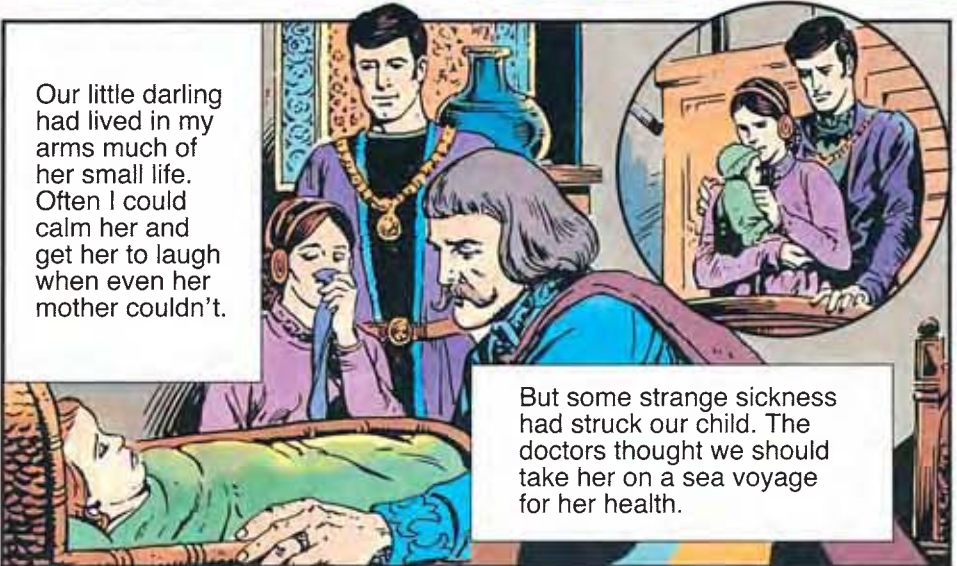
But one day Sandy came to me looking troubled.

Speak, dear!  
What is it?

Hello Central  
is ill!



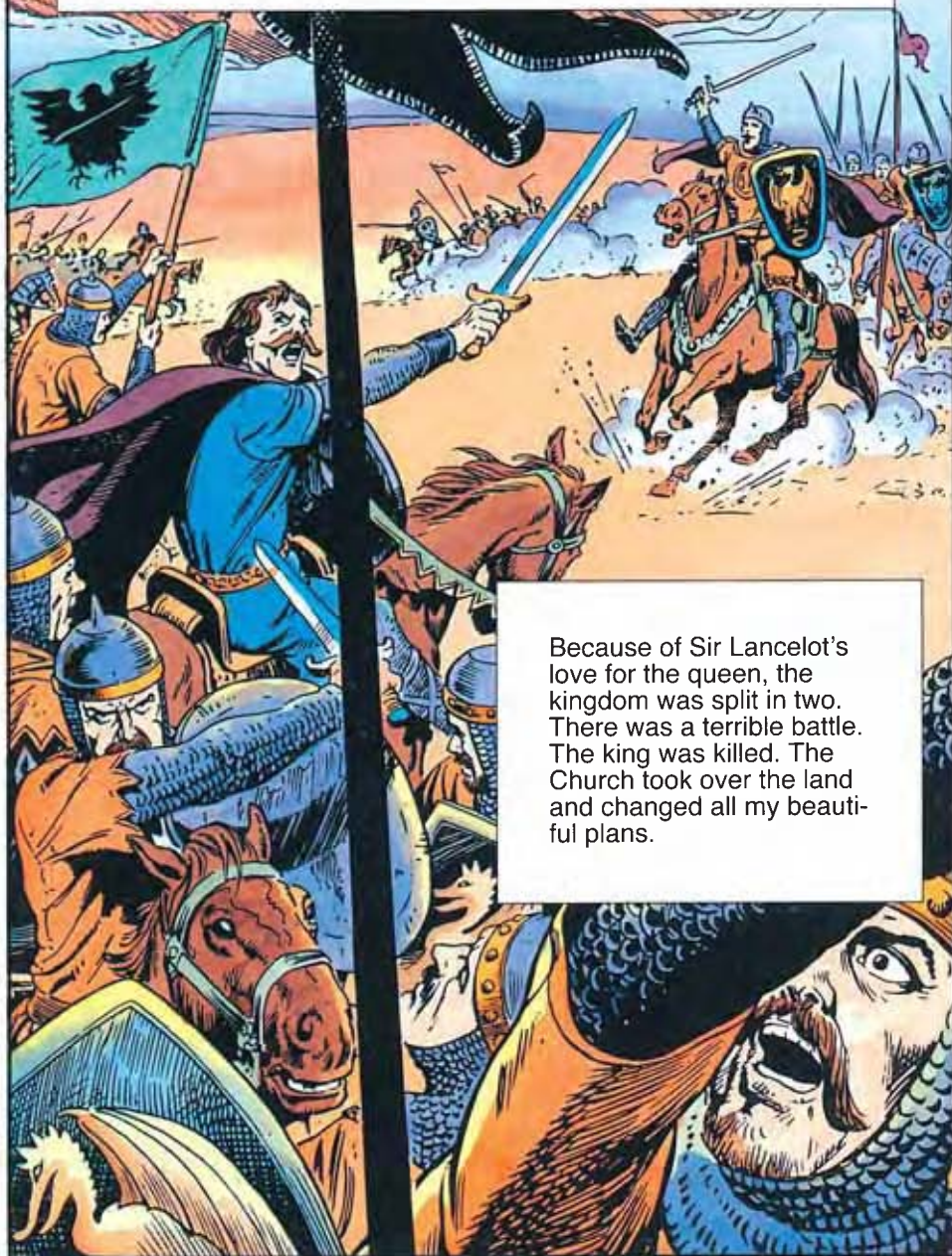
Our little darling had lived in my arms much of her small life. Often I could calm her and get her to laugh when even her mother couldn't.



But some strange sickness had struck our child. The doctors thought we should take her on a sea voyage for her health.



While I was away on the voyage, something took place in the kingdom that changed all my grand plans. King Arthur, whose heart could not think evil of a friend, learned of Sir Lancelot's love for Queen Guenivere.



Because of Sir Lancelot's love for the queen, the kingdom was split in two. There was a terrible battle. The king was killed. The Church took over the land and changed all my beautiful plans.

I left Sandy and the child, who was much better, in a warmer land. I returned to England and found that everything was back in the dark ages, the way it had been when I first arrived there.

The Church closed all my schools and factories. I came back to find the country in a very troubled state.

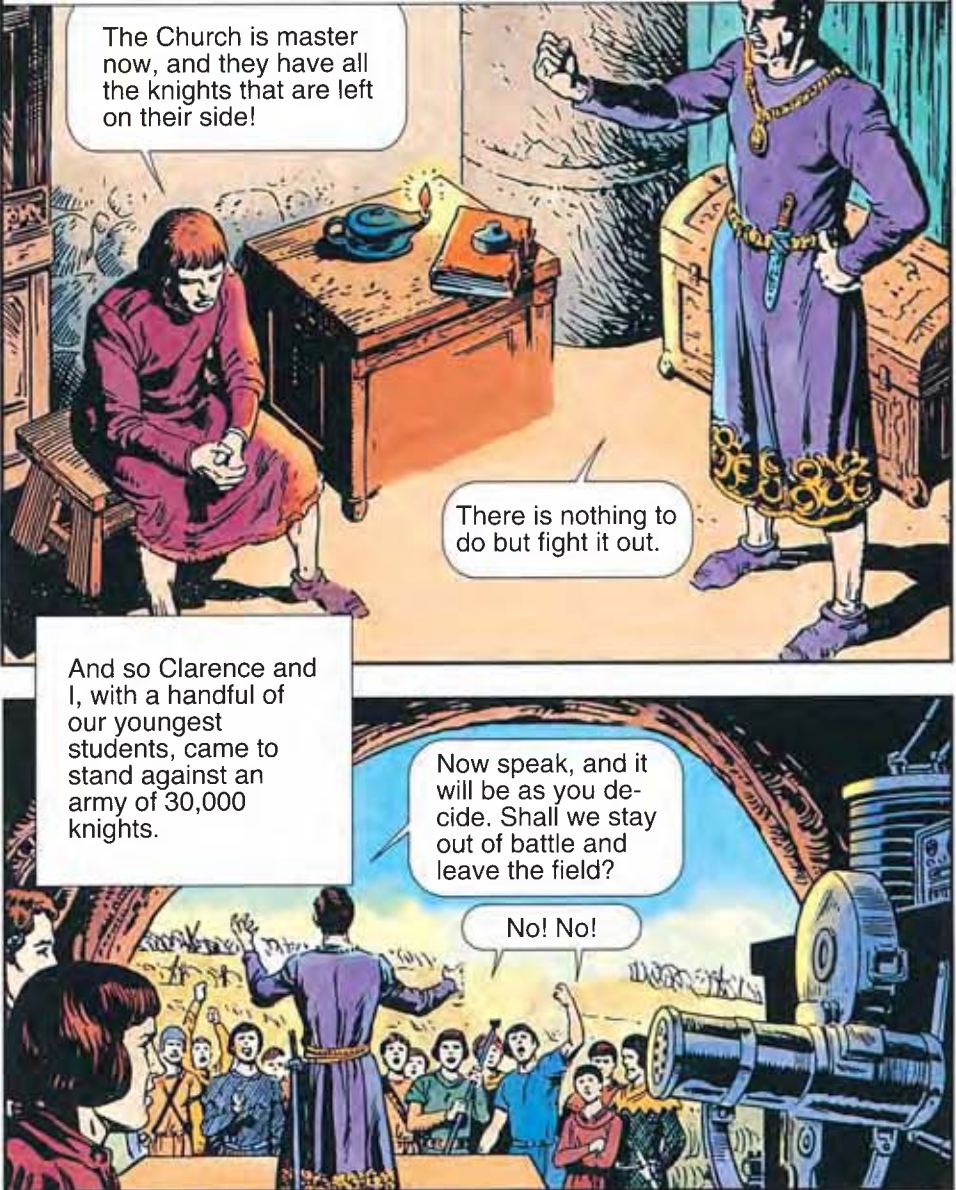
The Church is master now, and they have all the knights that are left on their side!

There is nothing to do but fight it out.

And so Clarence and I, with a handful of our youngest students, came to stand against an army of 30,000 knights.

Now speak, and it will be as you decide. Shall we stay out of battle and leave the field?

No! No!

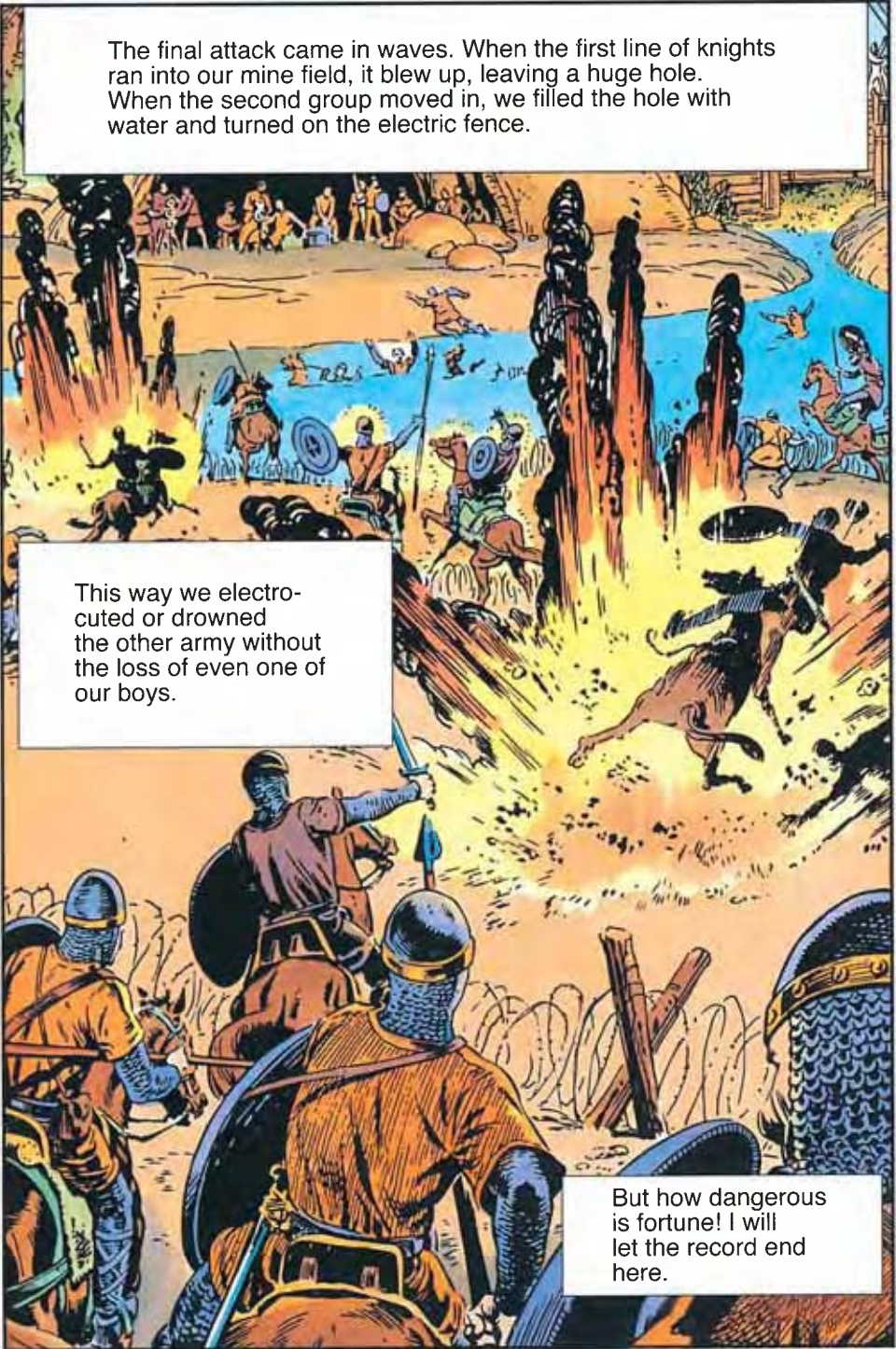




The final attack came in waves. When the first line of knights ran into our mine field, it blew up, leaving a huge hole. When the second group moved in, we filled the hole with water and turned on the electric fence.

This way we electrocuted or drowned the other army without the loss of even one of our boys.

But how dangerous is fortune! I will let the record end here.





I, Clarence, must finish this. Soon after what seemed to be our victory, as we went to help the wounded, "The Boss" himself was stabbed. We rushed him to the cave.



An old woman came in and offered to cook for us. She was most welcome as we needed help.

But when I happened to wake at midnight, I saw a terrible sight.

Stop! What are you doing?

Ye were winners! Now we have won! "The Boss" sleepeth and will sleep for thirteen centuries. I am Merlin!





Merlin was quite pleased with himself. In his joy he reached out and grabbed the end of one of our 'hot' wires! In a second he was dead with a frozen smile on his face.



"The Boss" never moved. He sleeps like a stone. We have put his body in a place where it will never be found. We leave this paper with our "Boss!"



The dawn had almost come when I laid the papers aside and went to the stranger's room.



I peeped in and there he lay, moving about as sick people do in a fever.

"...to the king...  
the drawbridge...man  
the battlements...turn  
out the..."

"The Boss" was getting  
together his last  
plans. But he never  
finished them!

THE  
END



# A Connecticut Yankee In King ARTHUR's COURT

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to go  
back in time, knowing what you know now?  
That is the story of a Connecticut Yankee who is  
magically transported back to King Arthur's time,  
but with the knowledge of modern technology.  
Will modern technology win out over the  
magic of Merlin, the court magician?



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